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Sunday Service 10:30 a.m. Web Site: <http://www.uff.ca> Email: office@uff.caNewsletter editor: touchstone@uff.ca

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Up-coming Sunday Services

10:30 am in person and via zoom

The Unitarian Fellowship of Fredericton

Our Plan for Living with COVID and Influenza

Objective: Keeping in mind that many of our Fellowship members are seniors, and people who are immunocompromised and therefore at a higher risk of contracting viruses, we ask that people experiencing flu and/or cold symptoms join the Sunday service by ZOOM.

- **MASKS:** are optional but we ask that you respect those who may wish you to wear a mask in their presence.

October 1st A History of Information Technology at UNB 1958 - 2008

Speaker: Greg Sprague

Service Leader: Linda Sprague

UNB purchased its first digital computer in 1958. Greg Sprague has recently co-authored a book that documents how this decision has impacted not only UNB and higher education but also life in Fredericton New Brunswick, Canada, and the world. The focus of the talk will be on the people, the information technology pioneers, who made it happen over the next 50 years and the many firsts UNB can proudly claim. The talk will be followed by a discussion of the benefits and problems that IT has unleashed. Greg co-wrote a book with Janice El-Bayoumi *Pioneers on the Information Highway* - The story of how a group of visionary believers in the transformative power of information technology at UNB (a small Eastern Canadian university deep in the great North Woods of Outer Canada) led their university, city, province, region and occasionally even Canada and the whole world, into the information age.

October 8th Life Lessons Learned: ICU Stories

Speaker: Lael Manzo

Service Leader: Decima Mitchell

Lael spent 10 years as a RN and Clinical Educator in a medical intensive care unit of a large teaching hospital. The challenges and rewards of her time in the ICU are the subject of her presentation.

October 15th Religious Tolerance/Intolerance in the 16th Century

Speaker: Dr. Robin Vose

Service Leader: Heather Lunergan

Dr. Vose will be speaking on the general topic of religious tolerance/intolerance in the 16th century. This ties in with the inquisitorial list of prohibited books about which he spoke several months ago. He will also discuss this period's religious wars and violent executions of figures such as Michael Servetus— as well as resistance against such acts by those who stood for tolerance.

October 22th Costume / Fashion History

Speaker: Decima Mitchell

For most of history, the details of who wore what and when is a record of what was worn by powerful individuals. Until the 19th century, this historical record took the form of sculpture, ceramics, tapestries and portrait paintings. Decima will take us on a whirlwind tour of this history.

October 29th Samhain and an Atheist's Reflections on Paganism

Speaker: Tony Fitzgerald

Service Leader:

Samhain, the Celtic Pagan New Year, is typically celebrated from sunset October 30th through sunset the following day. A wise witch once suggested to Tony that of all the religions, Paganism was probably most compatible with atheism. This talk will savour the muddled stew of reminiscing, occasionally, on that assertion for well over a decade. Of course, Tony will say a few things about the Samhain Sabbat as well.

November 5th Reminiscences of a year in France

Speaker: Geneviève Laloux

Service Leader: Sheila Moore

Tech Support Myron Hedderson

Geneviève Laloux, a long time member of our Fellowship will talk to us about her frequent trips to France, her

native country. She will have more to say about the one year she spent travelling solo as she turned 70, twenty years ago. *Service originally scheduled for September 24th.*



Unitarian Women's Potluck Gathering

Women's potluck Friday, October 20th will be held at TUFF, 874 York Street.

Gather at 6 pm and eat at 6:30.

No planning for the food. We give thanks for whatever is offered.

Topic: Do you listen to your intuition?

For more Information contact Joan Brewer
at jebrewer@rogers.com



Paranormal Experiences

Come and share your paranormal experiences

Have you ever seen a spooky vision?

Watched things move strangely?

Felt transported?

Seen a UFO or strange phenomenon?

Let's raise some goosebumps and talk about strange experiences.

Saturday, October 24 - 1:30

Contact Sheila or Ken for more information, (506)450-9021



Happy Halloween

Q. What do you get when you put a spider on an ear of corn?

A. A Cobweb

Q. What is a pause in work at a mortuary called?

A. A coffin break

Q. Why is a cemetery a great place to write a story?

A. Because there are so many plots there.

Q. Why was Cinderella bad at football?

A. Because she had a pumpkin for a coach.

Q. Where do ghosts like to travel on vacation?

A. The Dead Sea.

Q. Who helped the little pumpkin cross the road?

A. The Crossing Gourd.

Submitted by:
Sheila Moore



Sunday Morning Scones

Composer's note: Originally presented as part of the September 3rd service on the Importance of Community.

On a magical morning in January of 1995, Hans Martini and I set out to take some photographs. There was fresh new snow on the ground, and the trees were covered in frost. The scenery warmed our hearts, but our bodies were chilled, even though we were bundled up in mid-winter down. Our faces were red and our breath matched the mist of the morning. Our cameras captured an absolutely entrancing scene of glistening ice and frost on every bush and tree.

I suggested we go for breakfast after the photo shoot, but Hans had another idea. His friend, Jon Oliver, made scones every Sunday, and he invited me to join him at Jon's house for this weekly ritual. That morning in January was the first time I met Jon Oliver. I was intrigued. This 59-year-old man welcomed me into his home, a unique green abode on Northumberland Street. It was distinguished by two pink telephone poles on the front lawn and two wooden bluebirds that sat on a clothesline rope. There was a community bulletin board outside and a great feeling of community inside. The smell of fresh, strong coffee and freshly baked scones lured us into the kitchen. The table was set with place-mats and napkins, ready for whomever might drop by. The scones were delicious, fresh and hot from the oven. Jon joined Hans and I at the table and I watched them each help themselves to two scones. "You are welcome to take two scones or more with my homemade marmalade" this small, balding, smiling man suggested. When I asked about the installation on his front lawn, he explained. "I have an artistic son, Joe, and that was for his portfolio when applying to NSCAD art school." "Interesting, I guess he got in," I replied Jon nodded. "I noticed a large collection of art books while taking off my boots and coat." "I've always loved art and it fits my career as architect." He noted. I later found out that Jon was divorced but had a close lady-friend, Jo-Anna who was an NYC librarian.

"How did you get this old man up so early? He asked "Well, I hope he wanted to spend time with me and he was rewarded with an incredible sunrise and a magical winter scene"

Then we heard the door open and a new person arrived.

Jon quickly said hello and returned to the kitchen to start another batch. Brian joined us and the threesome had obviously spent many Sunday mornings together. They made me feel wanted and welcome in their little group. Conversation started to revolve around fishing and music and politics. We left after about 90 minutes with smiles on our faces and an invitation for me to join them any time for Sunday morning scones.

With warm memories of our time together, I decided I would try to make scones. I found a recipe and my effort resulted in rock-hard biscuits. After dropping in a few more Sunday mornings I got to know Jon better, and asked for his recipe which he gladly provided. Again, I was unsuccessful. One Sunday morning, I arrived at Jon's house with all my own ingredients.

"Good morning, friend, could I join you in your cozy aubergine kitchen and make a batch of scones with you." Jon replied; "Come and join me." We mixed the flour and dry ingredients and added the butter which we diligently chopped with a pastry blender. Only then did I discover his secrets. The recipe called for 1/3 cup of butter, but he piled in about half a cup. Similarly, the recipe called for a small amount of brown sugar and but he augmented it. I did the same. Finally when all the ingredients are mixed the dough is formed into two rounded domes and each is cut into 4 pieces. After closely observing Jon's method and joking with him in the kitchen, what do you know? My scones turned out as plump, soft and rounded as his.

After many more Sunday morning scones dates, Hans and I were married in 1997. Jon made Jo-Anna's famous carrot cake, with a paper cut-out house on top and the cut out letters H + J. We continued to show up at Jon's house for scones. If we went early, the discussion was about ideas and people. If we came later, many NDP friends dropped in and the discussion was about politics. Jon was a long-time NDP organizer and was known for his orange shirts.

Many things happened over scones. For example, I remember Jon and scone regular and NDPer Dick Grant discussing chimney swifts — unique birds that dive into chimneys. They knew there was one such chimney dweller at UNB and thought it should be celebrated somehow. After a few scone Sundays, they ended up initiating a project where a bench was erected on campus next to the swift's favourite chimney for bird watching.

I was lucky enough to be part of this because Jon and Hans were each others' chosen family. When their four boys were younger, the neighbours — both single men who had primary custody of two sons each — decided to be "uncles" to each other's children. They had siblings of their own, but none who lived in Fredericton, so they raised their children together, always with Sunday morning scones and fancy Sunday evening "family" meals. Hans would make a huge turkey dinner and Jon would make desert or he might experiment with homemade pasta and Hans would

make his mom's apple cake. A memorable one for the boys included a new recipe for Jon — a cheesecake. Unfortunately, he added a cup of salt to the cake which he mistook for sugar, It looked perfect but it was inedible.

Many years later, Jon's sons, Nick and Joe, and Hans' sons, Scott and Calvin, and their families would show up at Jon's for scones whenever they were in town. All four boys are excellent scone-makers and continue the Sunday morning tradition in their own homes.

Besides being a devoted father, Jon was a tremendous advocate for social justice. As he often said. "It is unethical for one person to live in such a large house" For that reason he would rent rooms to students for \$100 per month. The students were from a variety of countries and would sometimes join us for scones. One student, Liu, who finished her PhD in Chemistry, would return the favour by making huge plates of Chinese dumplings.

Another, Chris Erb, graduated from Sussex High School in 2002 and needed a place to live. He was looking for a job and had no real ambition to go to school, but agreed to take one course so he could stay at Jon's. Now he has a degree in town planning from Concordia. Similarly, his brother Mike stayed with Jon went going to the N.B. College of Craft and Design. Mike is now a professional photographer.

My friend Charlene also rented a room from Jon for four years. She was an artist and had just finished an art degree and moved back to Fredericton to be close to her daughter. Still paying off student loans and stricken with multiple sclerosis, she qualified as a student in Jon's mind. She also helped bring a feminine touch to scones. She made new place-mats and bought some "girly" mugs for the coffee. She also asked the gents who liked to smoke in the kitchen to go elsewhere. To my surprise, Hans and Jon were both sitting on the back step smoking the day after Charlene found a new place to live. My comment to them "I can't believe you are smoking outside." While they cheerfully acted as if nothing had changed, the next week they were back inside.

For Hans, scones were part of his life until the end. He had by-pass surgery in 2010 and died after a series of debilitating strokes. Even the Sunday before the last stroke, I helped Hans up the few steps up to Jon's. "We're here." He shouted in his usual commanding voice. "Where are the scones? Is the coffee ready? Get with it, man." While his body was weak, his voice was strong. "Hang on, they're almost ready, What's the rush?" The other curmudgeon replied. It was reminiscent of the dialogue I had been listening to for the last 14 years.

Even though Hans was often grumpy and he and his friend argued constantly. Jon and I were both devastated by his death. Jon continued to make scones every Sunday and I would join him if I were in town. I think it helped us both resolve the enormous grief from Hans' death.. I remember

feeling very happy one day after I finished an early morning swim. I got in the car and was suddenly gripped with sadness. It was reassuring to drop in to Jon's and ask if that ever happened to him. "It has," he acknowledged. "I often turn around to share something with Hans and he isn't there." Jon's office was in the room next to the kitchen and they would chat while Jon worked away and Hans did the puzzles in the paper. We chatted over coffee and I went home to an empty house.

About six months after Hans' death, Jon was having back problems. He was eventually diagnosed with multiple myeloma, a cancer of the bone marrow. Over the next few months, the whole community Jon had developed through Sunday morning scones gathered to help. In some ways the sharing of scones was a spiritual experience. Faith, a young friend he had encouraged by paying for her first university course, brought lunch at least once each week. She now has a master's degree and a good job.

Jon's brother, Hugh and his sister, Megan, frequently came from out west. and made Sunday morning scones and lots of other comfort food. Throughout his illness, there was never a Sunday without scones. Jon usually made them, but during chemo, he sometimes felt too weak and let one of us make them under his careful supervision.

Jon was brave during his illness but he deteriorated quickly. After Christmas he spent two weeks in the hospital. It was just a little over a year after he lost his best friend and sparing buddy. We had become close while I helped him cope with cancer, and I visited frequently during his two week stay in the hospital, checking in with his doctor and keeping in touch with his sons. At one point, we defined our relationship as "family" and I promised to stay in touch with his beloved sons.

During his illness, the Erb brothers were home for Christmas vacation. They had become excellent scone-makers under Jon's tutelage. Jon had gone to the hospital for a bit of revitalization right after Christmas. On New Year's Day of 2012, Chris made a double batch of scones and another friend, Brian Steeves, brought a bottle of single malt Scotch and we went to the hospital to toast the New Year with Jon.

At that point, Jon could no longer survive without blood transfusions. He made the decision to come home with the help of extramural hospital his doctor and a palliative pain control specialist who helped him through those last days. He came home on a Thursday and his soulmate, Joanna and her daughter, Jacqui both from New York City came for a visit. He rallied. That Sunday morning g, twenty people came for scones. Various friends made batch after batch of the delicious baked goods. At this point, Jon was only able to sit up in a bed in his living room. He cheerfully greeted each friend who arrived and made sure they all had coffee and a scone. He was still able to engage in his ever intelligent conversation with Jo-Anna by his side. Early the next morning, Jon stopped breathing. I had spent the

night in his living room along with his son, Nick, and his brother, Hugh. He had waited until Jo-Anna flew back to New York City.

A few days later, his sons held a memorial at the old train station, a fitting location as Jon was an architect and a member of the group that lobbied to have the building restored. That day, the room was packed to the rafters and copies of Jon's scones recipe were circulated.

In the months after his death, lots of touching things happened — always with Jon's spirit at their core. His friend Bronwyn had the idea of making a quilt out of Jon's many orange — yes, the colour of the NDP — shirts. The pattern of the quilt featured small houses — a nod to Jon's career as a community builder and an architect. Certainly, you could call him an architect of community as well

I hosted several quilting bees at my home, and to those who came, I always offered scones and coffee.

All these years later, the tradition continues. I often make scones for friends on Sunday morning. I get messages from across Canada — from Halifax to Victoria — letting me know Jon's scones are still being made each Sunday. His scones and his sense of community are alive and well.

submitted by Haifa Miller
on behalf of Janet Crawford



Canada Beyond Grudges, Grievances and Disunity

Donald Savoie

Savoie is an Acadian professor at the Université de Moncton who has worked with many Canadian interim governments as well as serving and doing research in many countries. He sees the sense of victimhood as a major part of the Canadian identity in almost all parts of the country, even in Ontario.

I put the tone of surprise in here because he sees the dominance of Ontario from the origins of Confederation as one of the reasons for this sense. For example, Ontario pushed Quebec into Canada, pushed Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into Confederation, contains the capital city Ottawa and the vast majority of federal civil servants work there. Many economic federal decisions have favoured Ontario. Other reasons for victimhood are the British based constitution and the power of America.

However, Savoie sees a positive aspect to all this, because it has led to valuable discussions and recognition of the flexible nature of this constitution to lessen or even end the sense of victimhood for some. This has made Canada a better country and sometimes an example to the world.

As we know problems remain, especially the standard of living for many Indigenous communities. Savoie suggests

self-government for Indigenous people would give them the necessary voice for discussion and flexible changes.

This is an intriguing analysis, based to some extent on Savoie's Acadian experience and knowledge and including far more examples and suggestions than those I have cited here.

Sheila Andrew



Death Café

4th Tuesday

Oct. 24 and Nov. 28, 2023

1:30 - 3:00 p.m.

Fredericton Public Library



A Death Café is a gathering of adults who want to talk about death and dying in a safe, supportive, respectful and confidential space.

Topics that have been discussed in previous Death Cafés:

What do I mean when I say I don't want to die alone?

What is a good/bad death? What is a green burial?

What is the role of a Death Doula? What is MAiD?

Death Cafés are free and open to, and respectful of, people from all communities and belief systems.

Death Café is not a bereavement support group or grief counselling.

3rd Annual Death Expo 2023

New Maryland Centre

754 New Maryland Hwy

October 26

Exhibitors open 10am to 7pm

Free Admission



Providing information and resources about end-of-life care.

Are you curious about a Death Café? Special sessions from 12pm to 1pm or 4pm to 5pm.

Light refreshments available for purchase.

For more information, contact:

DeathInformationandEducation@gmail.com

[Facebook Page](#)

Anne Marie Hartford, M.Ed.

Karen Lake, R.N.

D.I.E.: Death Information &

Education Co-Founders

We don't "pass away," we die.

This space wants your material!
Please send articles to touchstone@uff.ca